CALEDONIAS COVENANT.

OR

ANE PANEGYRICK TO THE WORLD.

VVherin is brieflie ſet doune the trew caus and occaſioune of the preſent trubles of the kingdome of

SCOTLAND.

By G. L.

They haue oftentimes afflicted me from my youth: But they could not prevaile againſt me.
The plowers plowed upon my baeke and made long furrowes.
But the righteous lord hath cut the cordes of the wicked.

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CALEDONIAS COVENANT

A PANEGYRICK TO THE WORLDE.

HEauens liſten, Earth beare Witnes, Time recorde
My heauy Grieffe, and Speedy help affoard,
My ſoule half ſunk in ſad diſpaire doth faint,
I ſcarce haue breath to ſighe out my Complaint:
My moiſtned Eyes with weeping almoſt blinde
And parched tounge whoſe Cries no pittie finde
Now worne with woaes and wroungs without reliefe
At laſt giue over hope and yeeld to Grieſe.
Yet that the world may know my wretched Cace,
And where Tales runne Trueth may at length take place,
To all good Chriſtians, members of that head
Whoſe Cauſe, and Churches priviledge I plead,
Informations and Proteſtations. And in whoſe preſence heere I doe proteſt
To haue no other ayme but peace and reſt,
Relligions puritie, the Goſpels light
To ſhine agayne through Superſtitions night,
I heere rip up my breſt that euery Eye
Not bleard with Paſſion, may my heart deſcrie,
And all unpartiall Eares may rightlie ponder
The load of wroungs which I lie groaning under.
The Reformation. When from the dauning of the Goſpels day,
The ſunne of Trueth (long ſett) did firſt diſplay
His glorious beames, and gild the glowing Eaſt;
The light ſo dazel'd Babels blindfold beaſt

That

That like a roaring Lion mad hee ranne.
And caſt falſe clouds of ſcorne t'ecclypſt againe:
Yea all that worship'd it with humbled heart
Of his fierce rage did finde the fierie ſmart,
The darkned dens of Ignorancé, where ſat
Blind Hereſie and bowd to knew not what,
To be diſcouered ſpewd there ſpite at heauen
For feare there dwellars should from thenc be driven:
Rome ragd to ſee a Corner of the worlde
Where from his thron his triple Croun was hurl'd,
And I was then with candle, book, and bell
By Antichriſt condemnd to loweſt hell;
The bleſſed martyrs that his threats withſtood
And ſeald the glorions goſpell with ther blood
With heauenly courage and with conſtant hop
Preachd Chriſt aboue the pardons of the pop,
For which calld Hereticks, ther liues did pay:
And burnd to aſhes drenchd in blood, did lay
The Churches firme foundation, which by time
Did to a fayre and beauteons temple climbe,
When God ſet open the eyes of Princé and peeres
And made the Goſpells trumpet pierce the eares
Of deafned Idoll-worshippers, and call
To mercy penitent beleeuers all,
The miſt clear'd up, the maſſe did vanishe quite
At the faire ſunſhine of the Goſpels light,
Then ignorance and ſuperſtition fled
To hell agayne where they were hathd and bred,
Proud prieſts, that on the ſilly people prey'd
Whil the croſſe ſtaffe abou the ſcepter ſweyd,
There knauerie ſeen did melt away for ſhame

The monaſteries.

Wiſhart, and others burnt by Cardinal Betoune.

The Cardinall, once killed all his ſectators vaniſhed.

And ſimple ſhepheards in there places came,
That was my golden age, then loue and feare
Of God throughout all Scotland did appeare,
My prince a patterne of true pietie,
King IAMES made the couenant and commanded all the contrye to ſigne it. That after ages his great zeal might ſee,
To Gods pure worſhip, with a heart vpright
His ſubjects and himſelfe did faſt vnite
By couenant ſubſcriv'd and ſworne with God
On higheſt payne of heavieſt plague and rod,
All ſuperſtition, poperie, hereſies,
Epiſcopall authoritie, Hierarchyes,
Willworſhip and what ere was then rejected
As hurtfull, or which had the church infected:
With heart and hand with life eſtate and might
Still to withſtand while they could ſtand and fight.
No prelat then preſum'd before another;
Nor calld him lord whom office made his brother.
A Biſhop and a bugge beare were all one,
And meerly names there lordſhips were not knoune,
Vntill the time great JAMES, our Salomon
Changd Scotland England into ALBION.
Q. Elizabeth. ELIZA dead, Sabrina Trent and Thames,
Fell proſtrate at the feet of royale JAMES,
There peeres in pompe and ſtate louwe homadge made
There prelates of the church did ſtile him head:
And put themſelues next him that rank to holde
In Parlament and State they had of olde,
The gracious prince was pleaſd with what hee found,
Nor did hee change the leaſt thing being croun'd,
But for to make *both one* as was his ayme
The vnion. Hee laboured to make them *both the ſame*,

The

The greatteſt ods was in the Church indeed
Which to make euen did mee much miſcheeffe breed,
Aſpiring prieſts pufft up with vaine ambition,
Tolde Him this Church was of a baſe Condition,
When euery priuat preacher durſt reproue
The Prince Himſelfe, whom God had ſett aboue
The reach of cenſure, and't would better ſute
The Kingdomes honor, if the King would do't
To ſettle Biſhops, who should haue the Charge
Of Spirituall things, would Hee there power enlarge
And authoriſe Them, with his Royalle ayde;
Both Prince and prieſt should be feard and obeyd:
Then firſt began my miſerie alace!
And pride did from the Church Deuotion chaſe,
A jealous Aemulation ſtreight way filled
My newmade Biſhops breaſts, who all aſpired
To be as great as Romes great beaſt in pouer:
And gouerne euerie ſtate, for all wer lower.
The mitre, thoughe it brought no Monarchie,
Yet was an Enſeigne of there Hierarchie.
All publicque charges of the croune and State
They eyther did poſſes or aymed at,
Which made my Zealons *Paſtours* to crie out
Againſt thoſe wolfes who cloſely went about,
To ſlave the church to there Imperious will,
Who had combind with England; to fulfill
All there deſires to compaſſe there deſignes:
Wherfor they banishd all my beſt diuynes,
Empriſond, ſilencd, whilſt might daunted right,
And Souueraignitie for them did fight.
The neighbour world and churche did shelter giue,

Bishops eſtablished.

Melain; and others who were banished. The firſt scots Bp. Conſecrated in England took there oathes to be conforme to the Church of England, mutatis mutandis Stowe.

When

When perſecution would nott lett them liue
In peace at home, Thus clad with Royale armes,
Tranſported from themſelues, bewitchd with Charmes
Of Greatnes; and that highe Triumphant ſtate
In which the Neighbour Englands Prelates ſate,
(Though great the diſproportion was in all
As from the shrub unto the Cedar tall,)
My pettie prieſts would all be Popes at oncé
And (Baſans bulls) into there bulles denounce
Deſtruction, to all ſuch as durſt withſtand
Th'uſurped pouer of Prelates in Command,
At the laſt comming of K. James into Scotland. An. 1617.
The firſt aſſault they gaue was all in vaine
Ther growing pride was ſoon repulſd againe,
Though it had no intention but to bring
Conformitie in Church and everie thing
That England had retaynd, reforming firſt
Thoſe errours which Rome foſtered had and nurſt.
My people wer mor sharpely gone to worke
And had found out what euer hid did lurke
Into the deapeſt Corners moſt obſcure;
And what could not the light and touch endure
As falſe was caſt away; The King ſurceaſt
In wiſe foreſight and would not haué it preſt
Vpon mee more, when hee the danger ſawe
Which ſuch an innovation on could drawe,
Heauen call'd him hence vnto a greater Croune
And in his Chayre our Mightie CHARLES ſate doune,
Thoſe Sycophants empoyſoning his Eares,
(While thruſting in betuix Him and His Peeres)
Vbi nullus Epiſcopus ibi nullus Rex.
A damned Maxime mad Him vnderſtand
No Biſchop, then no King into a land:

And

And which was worſe, conſpiring with the whoore
Whoſe foule embraces wee caſt off before
Aſſiſted with the *Prime of Englands prieſts*
They fram'd a ſeruice booke, my ſoule deteſts:
Which I ſhould firſt receaue and make the way
The ſoules of all great Brittayne to betray,
For Ireland as a page muſt followe ſtill
And ſubject be vnto her conquerours will.
That ſtood againſt my ſtomacke I confeſſe
As't was againſt the treuth I did profeſſe.
God rouſd my conſcience and did call mee up
The courſe of poperie in the ſource to ſtop,
And call'd to mynd the couenant I hade made
With him, when I from ſlauerie firſt was fred,
Never to return to *Rome*. my ſoule did bleed
When I reneend that oath, my teares did plead
For pittie at my prince, and I beſought
No ſtranger rites might in my church be brought.
But all in vaine, what ever I beggd' or pray'd
I was a traytour and a rebell made,
That durſt oppoſe whateuer was found good
By thoſe who in the church did what they wold,
All my petitions were caſt back with ſcorne,
And ere my prince had ſeen them, rent and torne;
Great armyes raiſd by ſea and land, to fall
At once upon mee, neither durſt I call
To God or man for helpe, and what I did
Was treaſon ſtill and miſinterpreted.
The ſtrongeſt forts I had for my defence
For my deſtruction arm'd, to giue offence
And make mee guiltie, were with ſtrangers clad,

The ſcottiſh ſeruiſhe booke.

The couenant renewed.

The proclamations.

Edinburgh and Dunbarton.

All

All warrelike engines for invaſion made
Againſt mee dreſt, yet did I not forbeare,
To praye and ſue to thoſe that would not heare,
When all that I could thinke was try'd invaine,
And I had ſtill my labour for my payne.
Danger did threaten and at laſt drew neare
Duns laager. Then in myne oun defenc I arm'd with feare,
To ſaue my life, as nature doth allowe,
Nor did I paſſe my bounds as all men knowe,
Mine enemyes amazed to ſee mee ſtand
Vpon my border ſtill with ſword in hand,
When they could not engadge mee into blood
And found that I but for my freedome ſtood
Pacification at berwick. Of church and contrye, vnder ſhow of peace
Betrayd mee falſely with a faynd embrace:
Whilſt what was promiſd was not truely meant.
Nor durſt I crauc, for feare of diſcontent.
Tnere maine intentions were but to beguile
My raſhe beleeffe: and foolle mee for a while,
Till they could take new breath and ſtrength againe
When I had layd doune armes: and fall amayne
With all there might upon mee vnaware,
For which, afreſh they Parlaments prepare
In England and Ireland With monneys to ſuplie ther miſcheefs want,
And aſk farre more then free conſent will graunt,
To neighbour princes I am pourtrayd blacke
My cauſe and mee both hatefull for to make,
Newe thunders forg'd, the King embark'd againe
In prieſts revenge, till Scotland all be ſlayne
And *Laud be pope of Brittaine*, t'was then time
For mee (whoes zeall to Gods honſe was a crime)

To

To looke about, and if I could prevene
The threaming Tempeſt which was imminent.
God great and iuſt who tries the heart and reins
Is witneſſe, if to warre my heart enclynes,
Or if I meane to England harme at all:
But only banishd Iuſticé to recall,
And haue Relligion ſett al Libertie,
A Captiue handmaid late to Tyrannie,
Tvved ſawe my Teares and knowes I did not paſſ
His ſtreame to prey or ſpoyle, but that I was
Conſtraynd in ſuertye to march on my way
And ſeeke redreſſe, for what I took to pay:
To offer no man wrounge but freindly ayde.
Nor ever meant my neighbours to invade:
The want of juſtice, breach of promiſe paſt.
Relligion ſlau'd, and vtter ruyne laſt
In ſuch extreames made need a law to mee;
To ſeeke my ſafetie and her libertie.
My firſt encounter when I paſt the *Tine*
What blood was ſpilt it was no fault of myne,
And heavens are witnes I did never intend
In quiet paſſadge England to offend,
But with all loue and freindship joyntlie goe
In Common cauſe to find the Common foe,
And to remoue the wicked from the King
Whoſe malice ſeekes on both a ſcourge to bring,
For thoughe I ſpoke shee thought no leſſe then I:
But durſt not shaik the Church authoritie:
And rather choos'd in ſilence for to ſuffer
Then have her noſe and eares to be cutt off her,
As many had bein ſeru'd by th' Highe Cõmiſſion.

Entry into England.

The reaſons and carriadge of the

Neare couſine to the Spaniſhe Inquiſition.
Newcaſtle found no force but ſawe us freynds,
Balcanquil So *Durrham* did, (whoſe *Deanes* vnluckie ends
A prouidence prevented, and will pay
His lies with there rewarde ſome happie day)
And when command to march no further, came,
In hope of hearing I obeyd the ſame,
Till Englands Parlament ſhould weell conſidder
The juſtice of that cauſe that brought mee hither,
And well examine if I haue done well;
Or with hottilitie ſhould mee expell.
That ſacred ſenate hauing leaue to ſpeake,
And of all ſtate abuſe the ſource to ſeeke:
The L. Deputie of Irland and the Archbiſhop of Canterbury Found in her boſome and about the Prince
Thoſe vipers whom highe treaſon doth convince.
Thoſe factious firebrands that ſo falſlie deale
With God and King in church and common weale
Shall of ther merite finde the earned meede;
Farre better they ſhould then tuo nations bleed.
Thoſe that haue 'ſcapt by flight to forraine lands;
A power ſhall reach which ouer all commands,
And giue the juſt reward as it is due
The Scottiſh Biſhops and other corrupted Statesmen, *Ther's no protection when the heauens purſue.*
Thoſe monſters vnto whom I once lent birth
Become my bane, a ſcandale to the earth;
Though now at court a time they ſhelterd bee
With guilty conſcience for there wroungs to mee:
A day will come I hope when they ſhall finde
There miſcheeffs merite in the higheſt kinde.
Will CHARLES but leaue them to my Parlament
Ther they ſhall haue deſerued puniſhment,

So

So ſhall great Brittaine proſper, and his raigne
Bring to this iſle the golden age agayne.
But ah! my feares forbid to hope ſo much:
The ſubtile Spaniſhe ſerpents craft is ſuch,
That all our aymes howeuer well begunne
Euen in the budd are preſently vndone.
That wretched golde, that farre fetchd Indian droſſ
All our attempts and good deſignes doth croſſ.
Corruption is a court diſeaſe become,
And takes no doctors counſaill but from Rome;
Which neuer whollie cures the lame or blinde
But alwayes there remaynes ſome dreggs behinde
Which like the fire in aſhes hid breaks out
And of a ſudden kindleth all about:
Though for a time it lye as cloſe as dead
I feare that foule infection forth ſhall ſpread:
Vnles it pleaſe that God by whom kings raigne
To giue vs warre againſt both Rome and Spaine:
Which wee haue now iuſt cauſe to vndertake
For CHARLES his ſiſter and his nephewes ſake.
But wee muſt wait with prayers on our God
Who'il giue us peace at home and warre abroad.
Heer like the hart that panteth for the ſpring,
My ſoule awaits good tidings from my King.
My prayers are the weapons which I uſe
That heaven will in his ſacred breaſt infuſe
True wiſedome, that his reaſons eyes may ſie,
Through all the clouds of ſpyte and flatterie
My upright heart, the churches ſore oppreſſion,
And ſcan the trueth of euery mouths confeſſion,
Reward the good, rebuke the reprobate,

The Spanyſhe faſhion.

Q. of Bohime.

Remeed

Remeed the greevances of church and ſtate,
Maintayne the Goſpell in its puritie,
Remoue falſe Doctors, root out hereſie,
Lay doun good lawes, doe juſtice vnto all,
Curb vice, without reſpect in great and ſmall,
That thoſe whom God hath joyned, may vnder him
And his, liue happye to the end of Time.
This is my heartye wiſhe and prayer ſtill:
Which heauen will heare I hope and ſoone fulfill,
To ſend mee home a ſong of joye to ſing
And pray for fayths defender, CHARLES the King.

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